In Recital

Tracy Cantin, soprano

Assisted by
Shannon Hiebert, piano
and
Alison Kilgannon, piano

Monday, March 19, 2007 at 8:00 pm

Convocation Hall
Arts Building
University of Alberta

Program

DEPARTMENT OF
MUSIC

Program

Cabaret Songs (1939)	Benjamin Britten (1913–1976)
Tell me the Truth about Love	
Funeral Blues	
Johnny	
Calypso	
Kennst du das land (1849)	Robert Schumann (1810–1856)
So lasst mich Scheinen (1816)	Franz Schubert (1797–1828)
Heiss mich nicht reden (1890)	Hugo Wolf (1860–1903)
Die Schöpfung (1798)	Joseph Haydn (1732–1809)
Nun Beut die flur	

Intermission

Sei Ariette (1829) (Excerpts)	Vincenzo Bellini (1801–1835)
Malinconia, ninfa gentile	
Vanne, o rosa fortuna	
Almen, se non poss'io	
Per pietà, bel'idol mio	
Ma rendi pur contento	
What Good would the Moon Be? (1946)	Kurt Weill (1900–1950)
Mesiku na nebi hlubokem (1900)	Antonon Dvořàk (1841–1904)

This recital is presented in partial fulfilment of the requirements for the Bachelor of Music degree for Ms Cantin.

Ms Cantin is a recipient of a Dr Ed Wieb Scholarship for Voice and a Vienna Opera Ball Society of Edmonton Scholarship for Voice.

Reception to follow.

Texts and Translations

Kennst du das Land?
Kennst du das Land, wo die Zitronen blühn,
Im dunkeln Laub die Gold-Orangen glühn,
Ein sanfter Wind vom blauen Himmel weht,
Die Myrte still und hoch der Lorbeer steht?
Kennst du es wohl?
Dahin! dahin
Möcht ich mit dir, o mein Geliebter, ziehn.

Kennst du das Haus? Auf Säulen ruht sein Dach.
Es glänzt der Saal, es schimmert das Gemach,
Und Marmorbilder stehn und sehn mich an:
Was hat man dir, du armes Kind, getan?
Kennst du es wohl?
Dahin! dahin
Möcht ich mit dir, o mein Beschützer, ziehn.

Kennst du den Berg und seinen Wolkensteg?
Das Maultier sucht im Nebel seinen Weg;
In Höhlen wohnt der Drachen alte Brut;
Es stürzt der Fels und über ihn die Flut!
Kennst du ihn wohl?
Dahin! dahin
Geht unser Weg! O Vater, laß uns ziehn!

Do you recall the land?
Knowest thou where the lemon blossom grows,
In foliage dark the orange golden glows,
A gentle breeze blows from the azure sky,
Still stands the myrtle, and the laurel, high?
Dost know it well?
'Tis there! 'Tis there
Would I with thee, oh my beloved, fare.

Knowest the house, its roof on columns fine?
Its hall glows brightly and its chambers shine, And
marble figures stand and gaze at me:
What have they done, oh wretched child, to thee?
Dost know it well?
'Tis there! 'Tis there
Would I with thee, oh my protector, fare.

Knowest the mountain with the misty shrouds?
The mule is seeking passage through the clouds;
In caverns dwells the dragons' ancient brood;
The cliff rocks plunge under the rushing flood!
Dost know it well?
'Tis there! 'Tis there
Leads our path! Oh father, let us fare.

So lasst mich scheinen
So laßt mich scheinen, bis ich werde,
Zieht mir das weiße Kleid nicht aus!
Ich eile von der schönen Erde
Hinab in jenes [feste][1] Haus.

Dort ruh' ich eine kleine Stille,
Dann öffnet sich der frische Blick;
Ich laße dann die reine Hülle,
Den Gürtel und den Kranz zurück.

Und jene himmlischen Gestalten
Sie fragen nicht nach Mann und Weib,
Und keine Kleider, keine Falten
Umgeben den verklärten Leib.

Zwar lebt' ich ohne Sorg' und Mühe,
Doch fühlt' ich tiefen Schmerz genung.
Vor Kummer altert' ich zu frühe;
Macht mich auf ewig wieder jung!

So let me seem
So let me seem, until I become so;
Don't take the white dress away from me!
I am hastening from the beautiful earth
Down to that hard house.

There I can rest a little while in tranquility,
Then a fresh vision will open up;
I will leave behind the pure covering,
The girdle and the wreath.

And those heavenly beings
Don't concern themselves with man and woman,
And no clothes, no robes
Cover the transfigured body.

True, I have lived without trouble and toil,
Yet I have felt enough deep pain.
Through sorrow I have aged too early;
Make me forever young again!

Heiss mich nicht reden
Heiß mich nicht reden, heiß mich schweigen,
Denn mein Geheimnis ist mir Pflicht,
Ich möchte dir mein ganzes Innre zeigen,
Allein das Schicksal will es nicht.

Zur rechten Zeit vertreibt der Sonne Lauf
Die finstre Nacht, und sie muß sich erhellen,
Der harte Fels schließt seinen Busen auf,
Mißgönnt der Erde nicht die tiefverborgnen Quellen.

Ein jeder sucht im Arm des Freundes Ruh,
Dort kann die Brust in Klagen sich ergießen
Allein ein Schwur drückt mir die Lippen zu
Und nur ein Gott vermag sie aufzuschließen.

Nun beut die flur
Nun Beut die Flur das frische Grun
Dem Auge zur Ergotzung dar,
Den anmuts vollen Blick
Erhoht der Blumen sanfter Schmuck,

Hier duften Krauter Balsam aus,
Hier sproßt den Wunden Heil

Die Zweiget Krummt der goldnen Fruchte last
Hier wolbt der hain zum kuhlen Schirme sich
Den steilen Berg bekront ein dichter walt

Sei Ariette
Malinconia, Ninfa Gentile
Malinconia, Ninfa gentile,
la vita mia consacro a te;
i tuoi piaceri chi tiene a vile,
ai piacer veri nato non è.

Fonti e colline chiesi agli Dei;
m'udiro alfine, pago io vivrò,
né mai quel fonte co' desir miei,
né mai quel monte trapasserò.

Vanne, o rosa fortuna
Vanne, o rosa fortunata,
a posar di Nice in petto
ed ognun sarà costretto
la tua sorte invidiar.

Oh, se in te potessi anch'io
transformarmi un sol momento;
non avria più bel contento
questo core a sospirar.

Don't ask me to speak
Don't ask me to speak; ask me to be silent.
For my secret is my duty.
I want to reveal my true self to you,
But fate will not allow it.

At the right time, the sun's course drives away
The gloomy night, and it must brighten.
The hard rock opens up its bosom;
The earth lets forth its deep hidden springs.

A man seeks rest in the arms of a friend,
There can the heart pour out in lament.
But a vow seals my lips,
And only a God has the power to open them

With verdure clad the fields
With verdure clad the fields appear
Delightful to the ravished sense
By flowers sweet and gay
Enhanced is the charming sight

Here vent the fumes the fragrant herbs
Here shoots the healing plant

By load of fruits th'expanded boughs are press'd
To shady vaults are bent the tufty groves
The mountains brow is crown'd with clos'd wood

Six Ariettas
Melancholy, gentle nymph
Melancholy, gentle nymph,
I devote my life to you.
One who despises your pleasures
Is not born to true pleasures.

I asked the gods for fountains and hills;
They heard me at last; I will live satisfied
Even though, with my desires, I never
Go beyond that fountain and that mountain.

Go, fortunate rose
Go, fortunate rose,
to rest at Nice's breast
and all will be forced
to envy your fate.

Oh, if I could change myself
into you, but for a moment,
my heart would long
for no greater happiness.

Vanne, o rosa fortuna (cont'd)
Ma tu inchini dispettosa,
bella rosa impallidita,
la tua fronte scolorita
dallo sdegno e dal dolor.

Bella rosa, è destinata
ad entrambi un'ugual sorte;
là trovar dobbiam la morte,
tu d'invidia ed io d'amor.

Almen, se non poss'io
Almen se non poss'io
seguir l'amato bene,
affetti del cor mio,
seguitelo per me.

Già sempre a lui vicino
raccolti amor vi tiene
e insolito cammino
questo per voi non è.

Per pieta, bell'idol mio
Per pietà, bell'idol mio,
non mi dir ch'io sono ingrato;
infelice e sventurato
abbastanza il Ciel mi fa.
Se fedele a te son io,
se mi struggo ai tuoi bei lumi,
sallo amor, lo sanno i Numi
il mio core, il tuo lo sa.

Ma rendi pur contento
Ma rendi pur contento
della mia bella il core,
e ti perdono, amore,
se lieto il mio non è.

Gli affanni suoi pavento
più degli affanni miei,
perché più vivo in lei
di quel ch'io vivo in me.

Go, fortunate rose (cont'd)
But you bow your head with spite,
fair faded rose,
your brow loses all colour
from disdain and pain.

Lovely rose, it is destined,
that we meet the same fate:
we shall both meet death there,
you from envy and I of love.

At least, if I am not able
At least, if I am not able
to follow my beloved,
you affections of my heart,
go with him for me.

Already near him always,
Love keeps you gathered,
and the path to him is not
an unfamiliar one for you.

For Pity's Sake
For pity's sake, my beautiful idol
do not tell me that I am ungrateful;
unhappy and unfortunate enough
has heaven made me.
That I am faithful to you,
that I languish under your bright gaze,
Love knows, the gods know,
my heart [knows], and yours knows.

Only make her happy
Only make happy
The heart of my beautiful [lady],
And I will pardon you, love
If my own [heart]is not glad.

Her troubles I fear
More than my own troubles,
Because I live more in her
Than I live in myself.

Mesiku na nebi hlubokem
Mesiku na nebi hlubokem
Svetlo tvé daleko vidi,
Po svete bloudis sirokém,
Divas se v pribytky lidi.

Mesicku, postuj chvili
Reckni mi, kde je muj mily
Rekni mu, stribmy mesicku,
Me ze jej objima rame,
Aby si alespon chvilicku
Vzpomenul ve sneni na mne
Zasvet mu do daleka
Rekni mu, rekni m kdo tu nan ceka!
mneli duse lidska sni

At'se tou vzpominkou vzbudi!
Mesicku, nezhasni, nezhasni!

Song to the Moon
O moon high up in the deep, deep sky,
Your light sees far away regions,
You travel round the wide,
Wide world peering into human dwellings

O, moon, stand still for a moment,
Tell me, ah, tell me where is my lover!
Tell him. please, silvery moon in the sky,
That I am hugging him firmly,
That he should for at least a while
Remember his dreams!
Light up his far away place,
Tell him, ah, tell him who is here waiting!
If he is dreaming about me,

May this remembrance waken him!
O, moon, don't disappear, disappear!

Upcoming Events

March

20 Tuesday
Visiting Artist
Neil Cockburn, organ
1:00 pm
Lecture Recital
(Graduate Keyboard Seminar)
Free admission
4:00 pm
Organ Masterclass
Visiting Artist Neil Cockburn
Free admission

22 Thursday, 8:00 pm
World Music Concert
The Texture and the Weave:
Songs in times of Struggle
Admission: $10/stud/sen, $15/adult
For more information,
please call 492-0212

23 Friday, 8:00 pm
Indian Music Ensemble
Sharmila Mathur, Director
Admission: $10/stud/sen, $15/adult

24 Saturday, 6:00 pm
University of Alberta Madrigal Singers
Annual Dinner, Concert and Silent Auction
Leonard Ratzlaff, Conductor
Delta South Hotel
Tickets: $100.00/person
For more information, call 975-4508

24 Saturday, 8:00 pm
West African Music Ensemble
Robert Kpogo, Director
with guests Wajjo Drummers, steel pan,
Olga Dominguez (Haitian voodoo dance)
accompanied by Flavio Rojas, Wajjo Drummers
Admission: $10/stud/sen, $15/adult

25 Sunday, 3:00 pm
Music at Convocation Hall II
Tanya Prochazka, cello
Guillaume Tardif, violin
Milton Schlosser, piano
"The French Connection"
Piano Trio Concert
Works by Debussy, Ravel, Fauré
Admission: $15/stud/sen, $20/adult

26 Monday, 12:00 pm
Noon Hour Organ Recital
A variety of organ repertoire played
by students, staff and guests
of the University of Alberta Department Music
Free admission

30 Friday, 8:00 pm
University of Alberta Concert Choir
Debra Cairns, Conductor
Program will feature Duruflé's *Requiem*
with Marnie Giesbrecht, organ
Apryl Hewlett, soprano
Rover Lai, baritone
Guest artist and choir alumnus
Philip Chow, organ
West End Christian Reformed Church
Admission: $10/stud/sen, $15/adult

31 Saturday, 8:00 pm
Visiting Artist Recital
Lorna Peters, harpsichord
Program will include works by Böhm, Couperin,
Purcell, d'Anglebert, Rameau, Royer and Balbastre
Admission: $15/stud/sen, $20/adult

department of Music

Please donate to Campus Food Bank

Unless otherwise indicated - Convocation Hall, Arts Building

Please note: All concerts and events are subject to change without notice. Please visit our website: *www.ualberta.ca/music* or call 492-0601 to confirm concert information (after office hours a recorded message will inform you of any changes to our schedule).